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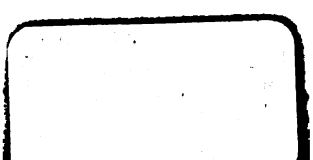

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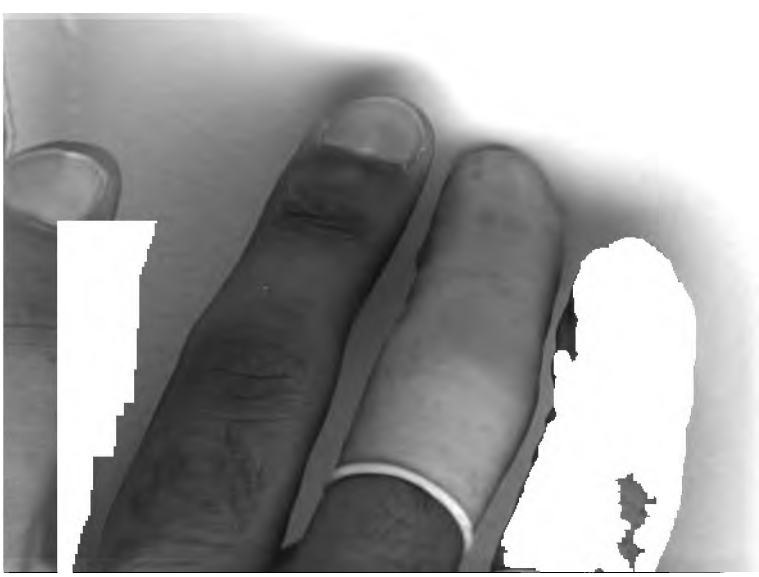

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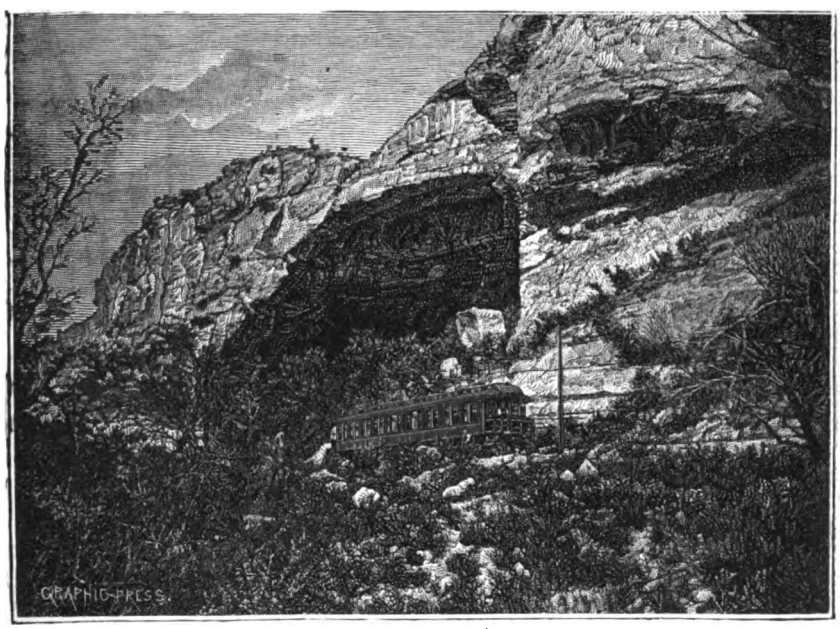

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PUBLISHED BY THE JUNIOR CLASS

DE PAUW UNIVERSITY

GREENCASTLE, IND.

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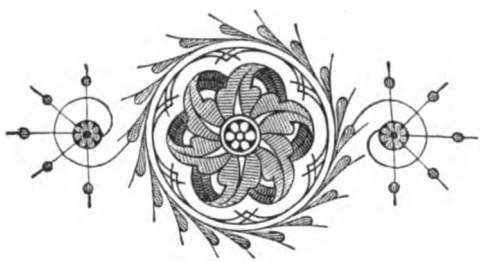

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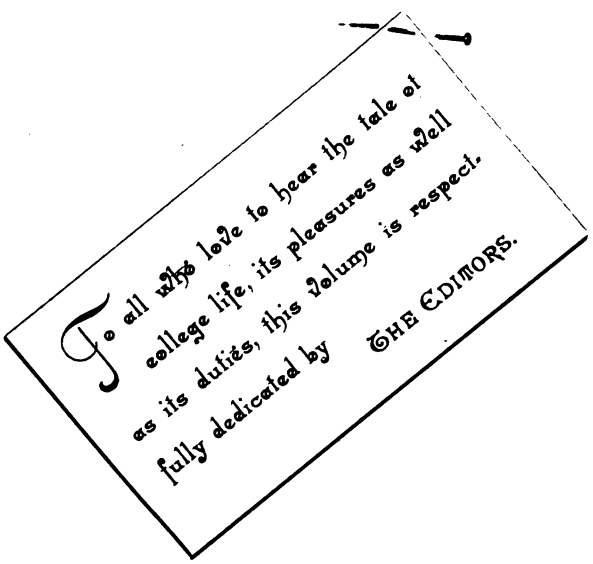
To all who love to hear the tale of
college life, its pleasures as well
as its duties, this Volume is respect-
fully dedicated by
THE EDITORS.

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EDITORIAL.

WITH this issue of the MIRAGE, a new custom is instituted at De Pauw. In almost every prominent institution in the country a college annual is a permanent publication. In this respect this University has been behind many institutions inferior to her in rank. We have had no regularly established annual. True, there have been two or three issues of the *Mirror*, the last of which was two years ago, but they were published by no class; by no organization; were but the product of private enterprise, and were meteoric in their duration. It is not in keeping with the reputation borne by our University that we should longer neglect this department of college publications. There is much in college life that can never be seen from a catalogue. In the close fellowship of the fraternity, in the heated debates and wrangles of the literary society, in the struggles in athletics, in the pleasure of various clubs and associations, in the perils of midnight adventure, here is a distinctive field, untouched save by the annual. It is the purpose of the MIRAGE to reflect this phase of college life, to represent that, which, to a great extent, molds the character of the institution. And yet this is not our only aim. We would, as loyal students of De Pauw, show the magnitude of the University, its development, its character. It is with this dual purpose we publish this volume of the MIRAGE.

It is the custom in many institutions for the Junior Class to issue the annual. We have hoped to set the same precedent here. An annual bespeaks college enterprise, and should be one of the most prominent college publications. That this may be the case, it must become firmly and permanently established. It must become just as much a portion of the University as the weekly or monthly organ. It must further secure a hearty and unanimous support. We know of no way in

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which these ends may be better secured than by its publication being in the hands of one of the college classes. We hope that every Junior Class hereafter will carry forward the work thus inaugurated, and that thereby the MIRAGE will hold a place high in the college world.

In the preparation of this volume we have met with unusual difficulties. We have not had the influence of precedent; have had no previous publications from which to judge; have had to blaze our own pathway. We thank the fraternities, the classes, and the students in general, for their hearty support.

We wish to express our obligation to the Graphic Press for the superior character of its work done for us, and to extend our thanks personally to Mr. JOHN F. EARHART, the manager, for the kindly interest he has manifested in the MIRAGE, and the artistic finish with which he has embellished it.

We send forth this volume, hoping that in the student it will awaken a consciousness of the fleeting happiness of college days, that in the graduate it may rekindle old fires and bring back again the sacred memories and recollections of the days when the sweetest friendships were formed, and when life seemed so tranquil and full of hope, and that in the minds of all it may create an idea of the pleasures, the privileges, the duties of college life.

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Editorial of '86.

ONLY a little while ago we were Freshmen, full of hope and youthful vigor; dreaming of bright homes left behind; of mother, who pressed us tenderly, and, baptizing us with tears, let us go from her into this new life—the college. We think of father's pride and mother's tears, and, almost halting between hope and despair, stand dreaming in the cold, cheerless, friendless halls.

But whence did we come? you ask. Would we could take you with us in our imagination, and let you see for yourself. Go back with me four eventful years. Stand here, and as they crowd around the registrar's desk to matriculate, I will point them out. Those nearest the registrar there, holding "pass-cards" in their hands, with grades on them, ranging from 13% to 70%, have been here before. They were "preps." You perceive they have less humility than the others, for they haven't yet recovered from their senior prep. swell. You see some over in the corner, with their pants in their boots and with hay seeds in their long hair. These are fresh from the country, stuffed and prepared for college under private tutorage. You see also a third class, very important in their own estimation. These are unfortunate, for they know more now than they ever will again, for they are country cross-road school teachers. Some are regular, and have "c. c." on their cards; others have sheets of legal cap attached to their cards to contain the requisitions. Such a mixed, confused, and agglomerated mass you never saw since the earth was mixed up in the crucible of creation. What to do with such a mixed horde no one knew. Each one seemed to be an animated interrogation point.

It was all work and no fun his first year—"doubling in Latin," "doubling in Greek," trying to hold elections, being

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sat upon by professors and higher classmen—indeed, no one knows how much trouble did come to these poor Freshies. Commencement came, and with our cards "passed" and "not passed" in our pockets, we strode off home, like conquerors, from a field of glory. Sophs? Yes, Sophs. Nor did we fail to tell anybody, for everybody should know it; and with perfect assurance did we begin to expound new theories to the world, in vocabularies that would have astonished old NOAH himself. Thus all summer we went around with

"Our cogative faculties immers'd
In cogibundity of cogitation."

Come back, did we? Well, yes; part of us did. Some, however, the faculty advised to stay at home and help their dads weed the gardens; other parents became alarmed at the rapid "larnin'" of the boys and girls, and feared that another year would burst their heads; others thought another year would burst their bank accounts. Some of the girls, fearing to risk it any longer, married. Foolish girls! Why did they not wait for their illustrious classmates who are now ready and willing? But

"Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair."

With all these mishaps, we had only forty-seven when we rallied in the fall. What did we amount to as Sophs? A great deal, let me assure you. Do you suppose we would be Sophs and not beat all other Sophomore records? Ask how many Senior parties we attended from the outside. Ask how many Juniors, with euchre cards in their hats, we licked for attempting to march around the college with a borrowed banner. Ask how many Senior plugs we stole and had to take back. Ask what you will, but don't ask us to tell too much of our mischief till we get our diplomas neatly tucked up under our arms. If you would know how valiant we were, remember how firm we stood in our boots when we delivered our Sophomore speeches amid the cannonading from the outside and fire-crackers, cats, fumes of H_2S and "Sophomore wind" air bags on the inside. Such was our record when we went home in the spring, leaving many bright deeds behind to go glimmering through the dream of things that were.

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When we returned next fall they wrote "Junior" across our cards, which is a word meaning peace. Now came the time for long walks, for nocturnal serenades and frequent lighted parlors. To tell you more would be giving away secrets, and 'tis not best. We can only admonish you to wait your turn. Experience can tell you the joys of a well-spent Junior year better than can the historian.

But in an unguarded hour a frenzy crept in to take the place of purer motives, six of our number succumbed to temptation, and were dismissed from among us. Let us turn over this sad page and count the surviving names on the Senior roll. Only twenty-six! How our ranks have been mowed down! We have not told you all. Let us stop a moment in our narrative, and drop a tear upon two graves; for death, too, did not pass us by. Early in our Sophomore year we were called, with broken hearts, to bury a classmate, tender, loving, and full of promise,—CLARENCE CUMBACK. And when misfortune and fate had done almost all that could be done, we were called only a little while ago to mourn another—HENRY MOLL—a man tender and true. We dare not dwell longer upon these sad scenes, except to scatter a few fresh, sweet flowers upon their quiet graves.

We were not always so unfortunate, for early in the year we were joined by six good men from Ohio Wesleyan, whose associations we all cherish.

We are not split by faction or lashed by internal strife, for our history has been such as has served to knit us closely together. Have the class been students? You have only to ask the registrar. Have they been rude and unsocial? Ask the numerous entertainers of the city. Have they been lacking in honors? Consult the honor and prize rolls, and see the worthy places they have filled. No; take them all in all, where will you find better students and nobler men and women?

In closing this eventful class history, we have but one sentiment to express—love for our noble ladies and cheers for our valiant men. And now we have come to say

"Farewell! a word that must be, hath been
A sound which makes us linger; yet—farewell."

C.

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Editorial of '87

IN the ceaseless round of affairs, with their kaleidoscopic changes, there always appears upon the scene of action a protagonist equal to the occasion. In view of these facts the class of '87 steps forward and takes its place in the van by being the projector of the present enterprise. Having received the most cordial co-operation on all sides, we deem it due our many friends to give an insight into our past, and hazard a prediction of our future.

It has been aptly said, "There are four things in this world that can never be recalled—a spoken word, a spent arrow, past life, and a lost opportunity," therefore we can look back upon one of these with mingled feelings of regret and sadness. Our past has been by no means a path of roses, yet it has not been totally devoid of pleasures. Our class mustered one hundred and twenty-one; but, alas, time, death and misfortune have thinned our ranks, but still the same old Spartan spirit is among us. In our Freshman year we were as noble a set of Romans as ever trod the halls of "old Asbury." In fact, our deeds of prowess during this epoch seem more like the exploits of some feudal times than aught else, in the memorable battle of "brains *vs.* brawn," in which the noble General McNeff went down before a "straight from the shoulder" of an '87, and was vanquished with a parti-colored optic, and his courage oozing out at his fingers' ends; after which fight the "treaty of won't be naughty again" was signed, and thus ended one of the bloodiest encounters that ever was settled "immejitly" afterward. Thus we found ourselves suddenly famous. The class of '86 ever afterward held us in awe, while '85 looked longingly at us, and murmured, "we yield the palm we have hitherto borne," '84 sat in speechless amazement, unable to comprehend the situation. Chapter the end. We entered upon our Sophomore year with great zest, and, like all Sophomores, soon we proved to be, as one has expressed it, "a

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pompous lot, each in turn a duodecimo of precious conceits, bound in calf-skin." We ransacked all the wells of "English undefiled" and "with such jewels as the exploring mind brings from the caves of knowledge" we prepared "our little speeches" for our Soph performance, and delivered them to a delighted(?) audience. Nothing further happened of note during this period, so we hasten to the conclusion. The '86's bore us a reminiscitory spite, and it was with much chagrin that they beheld us steadily advancing, but putting on our "seven-league boots" we will now consider briefly our present status, which is recognized as unapproachable, both in numbers and scholarship, and, as to athletics, owing to the excessive use of our excellent gymnasium, we are rapidly approaching the mathematical definition of a straight line—length without breadth—each appearing like some ghostly apparition as we near that goal of every student's ambition—a Senior. A Senior, did we say?—aye, what a world of meaning there is in that word Senior! He is generally a humane and benevolent biped, a stiff man, starched with self-esteem, and generally wearing an affable smile of supreme indifference, and ofttimes will wear a sort of vacant look upon his face, or, perhaps, may affect to look down in a complete reverie of dim remembrances, so as to impress all observers with his profound erudition. The average specimen of this kind ofttimes aspires to be a sharp-fanged satirist, and to astonish all with the extent of his rudeness and renown of repartee, and who says: "I value myself on my common sense—the very antipode to genius, you know, according to the orthodox belief." The educated world rarely yields its admiration to such a one, but to him who uses his classical weapons with a scholar's dexterity and not a pedant's inaptitude. We propose to steer clear of any such specimens in our ranks, and look forward to a future in which '87 will represent the ideal man the world is looking for, not one of those numerous gentlemen—the stock-flowers of the parterre—who stick themselves up against the wall in the panoply of neck-cloth silence, but a man of culture and refinement, and one who has not lived in the world without the world being the better for it. Besides, with all our hopes and ambitions, we still strive on, and eventually may we hope to gain our reward, if not here, in the world beyond the grave, where there is life out of the chrysalis sleep of death. P.

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Whitted, E. E., Cl.,	Martinsville.
Worrall, James H., Cl.,	Mount Carmel.
Vaught, Oscar, Cl.,	Danville.
Zaring, Chas. W., Cl.,	Greencastle.
Zeller, Clement M., Cl.,	Knightsville.

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Editorial of '88.

"No doubt we are the people, and knowledge will die with us."

IN compliance with the request of the editors of the MIRAGE we are resting from our chase, after vanishing fractions, good board, and the unknowable, to write the short yet epic history of '88. Short, because our race is not yet half run. Epic, because we are great. Great, not because we ever licked the Freshmen or terrified the Juniors, but great in thought and æsthetic feeling. We have never panted for gore; none of us ever cocked a cannon; nor have we ever sighed to become artistic spreaders of red paint. But if, in pursuing the even tenor of our way, we should discover some smouldering truth, or enunciate some law, humanity need not be surprised. Still, we would not advise the crowd to wait for us to solve the problem of its woe, for there is a bare possibility of our not doing it this year, as the season of picnics and love whisperings is coming on.

But let us hasten on to some chronological facts, illustrative of what we have said.

We pass briefly over our "prep" epoch to the collegiate age. The class is much changed since it was in "prep," and, besides, it seems almost paradoxical to think that boys and girls of our mental caliber were ever in "prep." But while we were there, we were its life and its pride.

We entered Freshman with about seventy-five "fair women and brave men." As Freshmen we were quiet, but not verdant. We saw our places in the world, and slid in. We never envied the Sophomore, but we looked upon him in pity as he dragged himself about trying to assume an air of dignity so unnatural. We never tried to emulate the Senior, for we seriously doubted if that alcoholic personage were better than we.

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At the beginning of the year we had the usual Freshman "set-to," in which the "barbs" scored a brilliant yet hard-earned victory.

In declaimers we are rich, as was demonstrated by the three prizes of the cloud contest being taken by three Freshmen. Our girls were and are still the most intellectual, the most refined, and the handsomest of all, and it is to them we owe, in a great measure, our manly culture.

During the first term of our Freshman year one of the fairest links in our chain dropped into the grave, and, as one, we mourned the death of our classmate. She was kind and womanly, and we miss her sadly.

This year we have glided smoothly along, flunking in examinations, ponying, lifting questions, and leading society. We have had our Soph. performance, still the world goes moving on, and "each one, as before, doth chase his favorite phantom." Why is it thus? Want is still in need; the *vox populi* is still *ungehört;* our washerwomen are still on a strike; the noble red man still wears government hose, and the Communist goes on communing. We told the world the remedy for all this, yet it heeds us not nor thanks us. At our performance we came not to the bray of trumpet, the clash of cymbals, and the noise of drum; but softly, modestly, yet superbly, we came, as came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness. No man stood in our way; no man dared resist us, for all feared the torrent of our wrath. The Freshmen had some sort of racket with alarm-clocks, but when the supreme moment for action came the "lily-livered" children had not the sand.

This is our past, but who, in the light of the past, would presume to divine our feeling? Our light has never been of meteoric nor momentary brilliancy, but steadily, brightly, aye transcendantly, has burned the astral of our wisdom, causing all who have had the rare privilege of seeing us to exclaim: "What a piece of work are these Sophomores! How noble in reason; how infinite in faculties; in form and moving, how express and admirable; in action, how like an angel; in apprehension, how like a god!—the beauty of the world, the paragons of college men!"

J. F. M.

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William W. Kneale,	President.
Viola Jenkins,	Vice-President.
Henry W. Warrum,	Secretary.
Florence Allen,	Treasurer.
Martin A. Pursley,	Orator.
Milton D. Carey,	Poet.
George H. Murphy,	Historian.

Allen, Florence, Cl.,	Greencastle.
Beckett, Wymond J., Sc.,	Aurora.
Bickel, John C., Ph.,	Lathrop, Mo.
Bickford, John H., Cl.,	Niles, Mich.
Bowser, Harry, Ph.,	Indianapolis.
Calvert, Bert F., Ph.,	Delphi.
Cleveland, John W., Ph.,	Sterling, Ill.
Du Bois, H. Elsie, Cl.,	Liberty.
Dunlop, Geo. H., Cl.,	Indianapolis.
Durham, Jacob E., Sc.,	Greencastle.
Durham, May, Lit. and Art,	Russellville.
Everett, C. W., Ph.,	Ornago, Ill.
Goodrich, James P., Sc.,	Winchester.
Harper, Chas. L., Cl.,	Frankfort.
Hays, Florence, Cl.,	Greencastle.
Heiss, Elery W., Ph.,	Lima.
Hough, Clarence A., Cl.,	Greenfield.
Hunt, Chas. D., Ph.,	New Lebanon.
Johnson, Robert G., Ph.,	Crawfordsville.
Jones, Ralph, Cl.,	Franklin.
Kane, Thomas, Cl.,	Westfield.
Kelly, Roda M., Cl.,	Greencastle.
King, John C., Ph.,	Dana.
Kirkman, Roscoe E., Ph.,	Lynn.
Kneale, Wm. W., Ph.,	Montmorenci.
Langsdale, Mary, Cl.,	Greencastle.
Lantz, H., Ph.,	Valparaiso.
Ludlow, Ross S., Cl.,	Groves.

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Mail, J. F., Ph.,	Robinson, Ill.
Mason, Wm. A., Ph.,	Greencastle.
McNett, Chas. H., Ph.,	Cary, Ill.
Murphy, Geo. H., Cl.,	Greencastle.
Nixon, H. V., Sc.,	Newport.
Peden, J. P., Sc.,	Spencer.
Pursley, Albert, Ph.,	Winchester.
Shannon, D. M., Cl.,	St. Paul, Minn.
Shipp, Joseph D., Cl.,	Indianapolis.
Simison, David P., Ph.,	Romney.
Smith, Douglas H., Ph.,	Terre Haute.
Spencer, Edward B., Cl.,	Delmar, Ia.
Stone, Kate, Sc.,	Greencastle.
Sturgis, Chas. E., Ph.,	Bluffton.
Vermillion, C. W., Cl.,	Centerville, Ia.
Warrum, Henry, Cl.,	Greenfield.
Wilson, T. E., Cl.,	Greencastle.
Wright, James V., Sc.,	Scipio.

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Editorial of '89

"Tho' modest, on his unembarrassd brow
Nature had written—Gentleman."—*Byron.*

"Grace was in her steps, heaven in her eye;
In every gesture, dignity and love."—*Milton.*

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess."—*Shakespeare.*

UPON her brow our University wears a coronet of shining stars; these are the several classes. As each star of heaven differs from another star in glory, so sparkling with a more brilliant lustre, transcending all in radiant splendor, is the star '89—the Freshman Class of De Pauw.

Then the Miltonic grandeur of our theme is at once apparent. The march of '89 from the dawn of its career, on a beautiful morning in September, 1882, to its present high station, furnishes a theme worthy of the noblest endeavor of a Macaulay or the magic touch of a Gibbon.

Upon our effort to disclose the achievements, merits, and aspirations of this class, the aid and the loftiest inspiration of the muse of history is invoked.

The genuine worth of the Freshman class is often remarked. The professors accord to it high rank, and from other classes it "has listened to the music of praise." Indeed, the Preparatory students, surveying with keen vision the varied merits and attainments of the four college classes, award the palm of superiority to '89—a compliment its members modestly accept, and, at the same time, resolve that the class shall ever prove worthy

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of the praise thus bestowed by those for whom it entertains the kindliest feelings and fondest hopes.

Our pathway has been illumined by the lustre of genius. The career of the class, while in the Preparatory Department, was surely not eclipsed in brilliancy by any of its predecessors. Prof. Downey assured us that, in intellectual ability, the class excelled any that she had ever instructed, and other professors were unstinted in extolling our merits.

The completion by the class of the Preparatory Course was signalized by graduating exercises—something unique in the annals of the Department, and which coming classes will surely imitate.

Last Autumn the membership of the class was so largely increased, by additions from the choicest youth of our land, that '89 entered the portals of the University more than a hundred strong. Fame had preceded, and our coming was heralded with delight by the faculty and higher classmen, who recognized in us sterling worth.

The Freshman is eminent for his conviction of duty, and "duty is the sublimest word in our language." Pure and shining are the qualities which distinguish this class. The young ladies are supremely excellent; beautiful and accomplished as Hypatia; of sweet dispositions and winning graces; endowed with rare intellectual gifts, and their faces mirrors of pretty thoughts. The young gentlemen are refined, cultured, chivalric. They have clear intellects, are industrious, and know no Alps. The Waterloo recently inflicted on '87 speaks for the superior valor of '89. The lustre of the "serene and shining pathway of the stars" is not more brilliant than the literary and oratorical career of '89. The past is ornate with the products of our pens. During the present year, Freshmen, almost unaided and alone, have upheld the banner of the Platonean Society, and a literary entertainment during Commencement week has been projected.

The measure of success which has adorned our pathway will be increased. The future is refulgent with promise. The illustrious career of '85 will be surely rivalled, for the intense patriotism and class spirit of its members insure for '89 a shining fame. To the remainder of our college career we look forward with pleasure, and with brightest anticipations for the attainment of all our cherished hopes.

D.

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Charles K. McIntosh,	Treasurer.
Fred. L. Pochin,	Orator.
Renas H. Robbins,	Poet.
Walter S. Davis,	Historian.

Allen, Mary, Ph.,	Orleans.
Allen, Myrtle, Cl.,	Greencastle.
Allen, Joseph N., Cl.,	Limedale.
Axtell, Wm. H., Ph.,	Tipton.
Barwick, Mary, Sc.,	Greencastle.
Benedict, Chas. P., Cl.,	Rantoul, Ill.
Best, R. W., Sc.,	Liberty Mills.
Best, Ray C., Sc.	Liberty Mills.
Blackford, Chas. T., Sc.,	Clinton, Mo.
Campbell, John V., Cl.,	Newport, Ky.
Campbell, Frank, Sc.,	Greencastle.
Cawley, Belle, Lit. and Art.	Greencastle.
Cawley, John, Sc.,	Greencastle.
Chenoweth, Homer, Sc.,	Marshall, Ill.
Clearwaters, John F., Sc.,	Thorntown.
Cline, Orlo L., Ph.,	Hartford City.
Cowgill, Jessie, Sc.,	Greencastle.
Daggy, Albert A., Ph.,	Greencastle.
Davis, Lewis H., Ph.,	North Salem.
Davis, Walter S., Cl.,	North Salem.
Deam, Chas. C., Ph.,	Bluffton.
Dick, C. C., Sc.,	Vermillion, Ill.
Dorsey, Daniel L., Cl.,	Indianapolis.
Druley, Oran E., Sc.,	Boston.
Edson, John M., Cl.,	Mt. Vernon.
Farrow, Grace, Cl.,	Greencastle.
Fraser, Marshall E., Cl.,	Davis Junction, Ill.

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Fry, Edward G., Sc.,	Greencastle.
Gibbert, Chas. W., Cl.,	St. Louis, Mo.
Haskell, Minnie, Cl.,	Greencastle.
Haskell, Etta, Cl.,	Greencastle.
Hammond, Isaac, Ph.,	Greencastle.
Henton, Ora, Sc.,	Greencastle.
Hester, Franklin, Cl.,	Charlstown.
Hisle, George H., Sc.,	Indian Fields, Ky.
Johnson, Gideon, Cl.,	Whiteland.
Johnson, Harry C., Sc.,	Greencastle.
Keely, Oliver A., Ph.,	Indianapolis.
Kern, Ollie J., Cl.,	Gays, Ill.
Kern, James R., Cl.,	Gays, Ill.
Keeler, Frank F., Cl.,	Greencastle.
Lesh, Lew B., Sc.,	Warsaw.
Maple, Amos C., Cl.,	Lewisville.
Maple, Roy H., Sc.,	Lewisville.
McFarland, Frank M., Ph.,	Centralia, Ill.
McIntosh, Chas. K., Sc.,	Greencastle.
Miller, John W., Cl.,	Paris, Ill.
Morrow, Wm. H., Sc.,	Greencastle.
Montgomery, Jessie, Ph.,	Jeffersonville.
Nutt, Mary, Cl.,	Greencastle.
Olcott, Mary, Ph.,	Greencastle.
Overstreet, Ralph, Ph.,	Greencastle.
Overstreet, Orsa F., Ph.,	Greencastle.
Pochin, Fred. L., Cl.,	Greencastle.
Richards, R. H., Ph.,	Patricksburg.
Riley, Louis M., Cl.,	Paris, Ill.
Robinson, Russell D., Cl.,	Indianapolis.
Roth, Mary, Ph.,	South Bend.
Schermerhorn, Wm. B., Sc.,	Newtown.
Simison, David P., Ph.,	Romney.
Stewart, Melvin R., Sc.,	Butler.
Stuckey, W. Edward, Cl.,	Gosport.
Tracy, P. S., Sc.,	Huntington.
Troth, C. T., Cl,	Vandalia.
Turk, Morris H., Cl.,	Greencastle.
Ward, Willis P., Sc.,	St. Joseph, Mich.
Westcott, Bert J., Sc.,	Richmond.
Wilkerson, J. H., Ph.,	Grant City, Mo.
Wilson, James, Sc.,	Wabash.
Wintrode, Frank, Cl.,	Huntington.
Wood, Mary L., Cl.,	Kansas, Ill.
Wright, H. H., Cl.,	St. Louis, Mo.

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Beals, Harry L.
Biddle, Wm. S.
Hough, Will A.
Lewis, J. M.
McDaniel, J. E.
McGhee, W. H.
Shannon, D. M.
Steele, J. E.

Mahaffie, Wm. H.

JUNIORS.

Baker, Geo. B.
Brown, Warren H.
Bennett, Albert L.
Cassell, John M.
Farr, Chas. W.
Fraser, Marshall.
Gahring, J. A. R.
Haymond, T. W.
Leonard, Z. B.
Nelson, W. M.
Walter, T. P.
Worrall, J. H.
Wilson, T.
Zaring, Charles.

Haas, S. A.

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COMMENCEMENT APRIL 6, 1886.

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O. PARKER,	Greencastle.
E. L. SCARRITT,	Greencastle.
J. U. BROWN,	Somerset, Bermuda.
W. WARD,	South Bend.
C. R. CAMERON,	Quincy, Ill.

JUNIOR CLASS.

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L. S. FERRY.
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M. A. PATE.
F. T. PENNINGTON.
W. I. PRATT.
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Adams, Charles.
Adams, John.
Ackerman, May.
Allen, Anna M.
Arnold, Ethel.
Arnold, Hortense.
Ballard, Adda.
Bayne, Ollie S.
Bassett, Lelia.
Banning, Lillie.
Bence, Susie.
Bower, Eva M.
Birch, Helen.
Birch, Grace.
Bridges, Grace.
Bridges, Ollie.
Bridges, Nellie D.
Bradshaw, Ella.
Burnett, Olive.
Burnside, Ora.
Campbell, James.
Carter, Grace.
Clarkson, Jennie.
Claggett, Mattie.
Coffey, Ida.
Correll, Bertie G.
Craig, Jennie.
Crose, Edith.
Culley, Eva.
Cunningham, Carrie.
Daugherty, Cora.
Deniston, Bertha.
Dunkle, Daisy D.
Dorsey, Dan.
Darnell, Fred.
Druley, Edwin.
Edwards, Ella J.
Enright, Alice.
Farrow, Edistina.
Farthing, Mary.
Florer, Lelia.
Florer, Clara.
Friedly, Fred.
Fuqua, Leota.
Gamble, Nellie.
Gordon, Anna.
Goe, Lieut. James B.
Green, J. W.
Grooms, Wm.
Grooms, Bessie.
Hammond, Kate S.
Hamilton, Kitty S.
Hawkins, Grace.
Hargrove, Minnie.
Hibben, Ollie.
Hibben, Gertie.
Hibben, Adda.
Hillis, Maggie.
Hughes, Geo.
Insley, Avis.
Jones, Howard.
Jones, Mary.
Joslin, Hattie.
Kirkpatrick, Alice.
Kirkpatrick, Susie.
Langsdale, Kate.

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Lessey, John,
Leonard, Estella.
Latta, William H.
Lovett, Fred.
Lueteke, Hattie.
Lueteke, Chas.
Marquis, Rosa.
Malone, Jennie.
Marshall, Lucile.
Martin, W. W.
Mathias, H. H.
Mathias, Flora.
Meredith, Eva R.
Meredith, John F.
Morrow, Wm. H.
McDougall, Addie.
Nash, Helen.
Nelson, James.
Neff, Jessie.
Nelson, Eliza.
Overstreet, Lizzie.
Olcott, Grace.
Price, Geo. A.
Price, Elizabeth.
Rader, Etta L.
Robinson, Mary.
Ragan, Jennie.
Rowand, Mary.
Ryan, Anna.
Rossiter, Lizzie.
Scott, Mamie.
Shaffer, Minnie.
Smith, Fred.
Simpson, Carrie.
Simpson, Mary.
Simpson, Gertrude.
Southard, Julia.
Southerland, Ethel.
Stratton, Rufus.
Starbuck, Carrie E.
Talburt, Carrie.
Thompson, Florence.
Tippy, W. M.
Throupe, Jennie.
Turner, Nella E.
Van Sandt, Vallie.
Vermillion, Claudie.
Walker, Mary.
Walker, M. Leah.
West, Suda.
Wilder, Myrtie A.
Wood, Anna.
Wood, Lotta.
Welch, Hattie.
Wharton, George.

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STUDENTS.

ANDERSON, IDA.
AMMERMAN, LAURA.
BACHELDER, LIDA.
BAKER, GEORGE B.
BRESSIE, M. A.
BAILEY, JULIA.
BARNES, BESSIE.
CLARK, MOLLIE.
CORWIN, MILTON.
COWGILL, ELISHA.
COX, HATTIE.
DAVIS, FLORENCE.
DURHAM, MAY.
DAVISSON, HOMER.
GROOMS, LIDA.
GROOMS, KATE.
HAMMOND, KATE S.
HENDRICKS, JAMES.
HAYES, HOYDEN,
HANNA, BELLE.
KEATING, GEORGIA E.
KIRKPATRICK, FRANK.
KIRKPATRICK, SUSIE.
LANGSDALE, KATE.
LINDLEY, C. W.
MATKIN, OTHO.
NELSON, JENNIE.
NELSON, JAMES.
MEHARRY, EFFIE.
NUTT, MARY.
NELSO, EMMA.
REDDING, ROSA M.
SIMPSON, MARY.
STEVENSON, KATE.
SIEBOLD, MAMIE.
TAYLOR, MINNETTA.
VERMILLION, CLAUDE.
WALKER, MARY.
WARING, GERTRUDE.
WILDER, MYRTIE.
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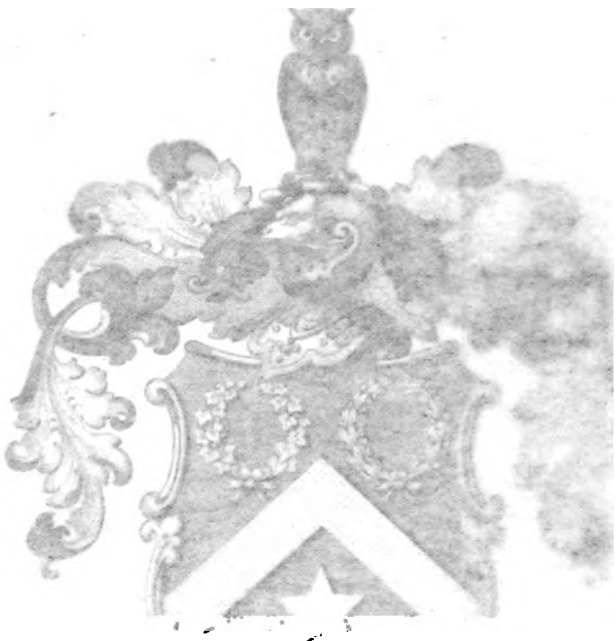

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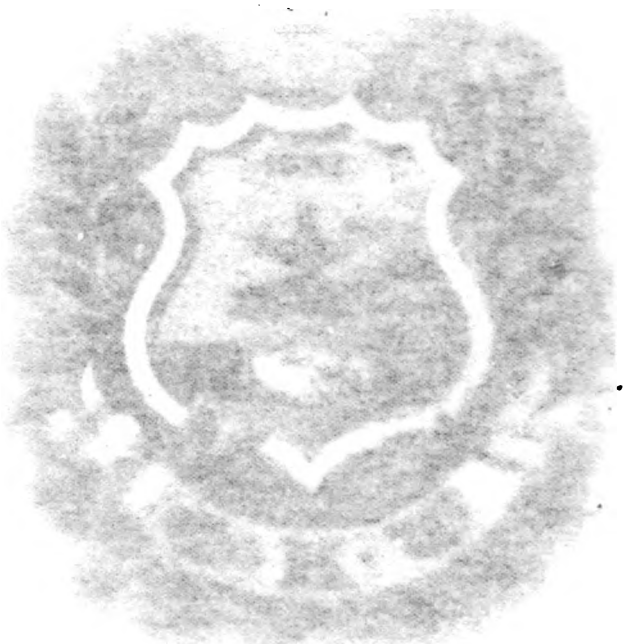

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R. E. KIRKMAN.
H. V. NIXON.
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FRESHMEN.

WILLIAM AXTELL.
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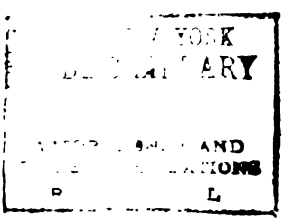

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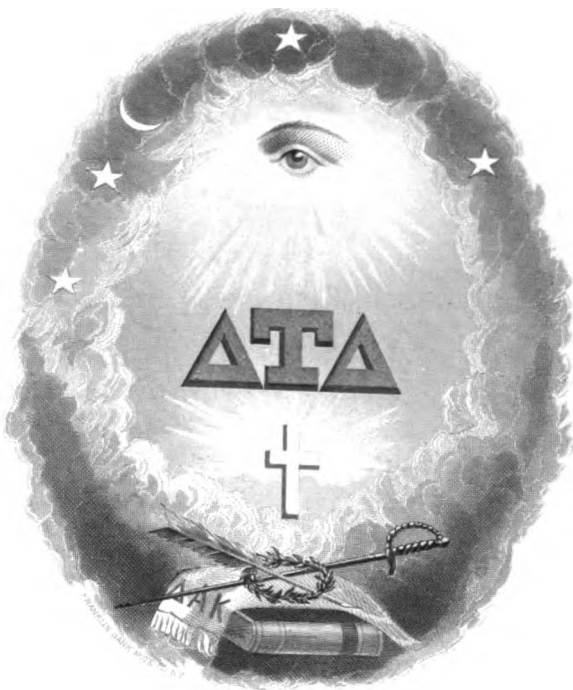

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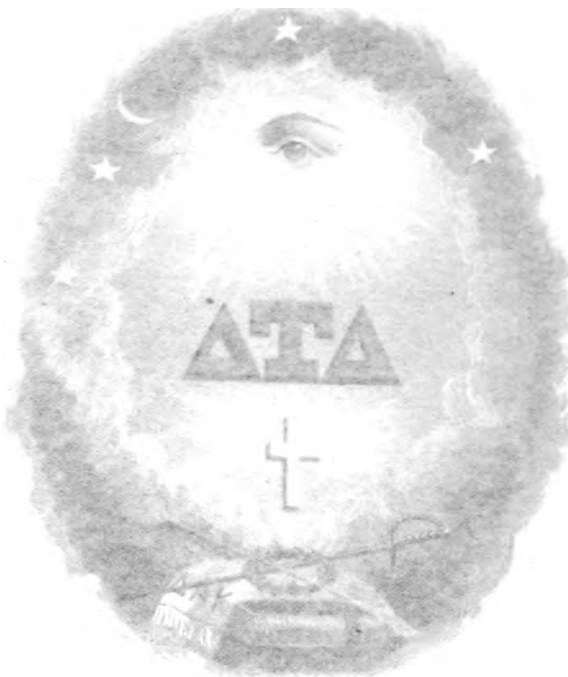

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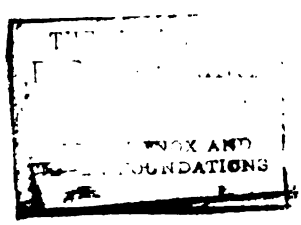

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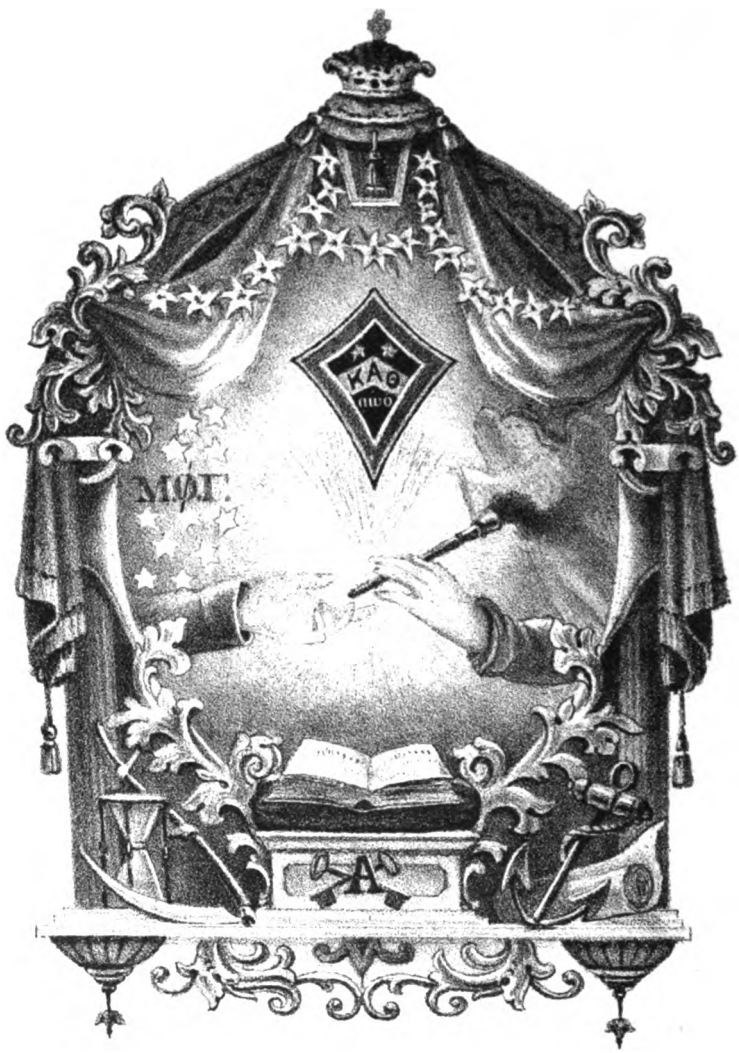

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Kate Stone.

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Maude Robinson.
Mary Olcott.
Mary Wood.

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Eva Bower.
Hattie Joslin.
Kate Langsdale.

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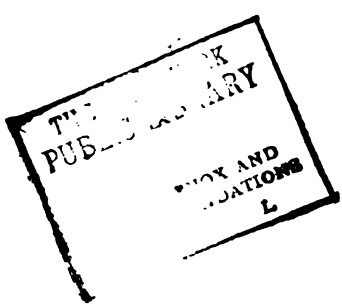

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DREKA PHILA.

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EUREKA PHILA.

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Phi · Delta · Theta

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UNDERGRADUATES.

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J. H. WILKERSON.
H. H. WRIGHT.

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Alpha · Chi · Omega

MUSIC FRATERNITY.

ALPHA CHAPTER. ORGANIZED 1885.

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FLORENCE TOMPSON.
MARY JONES.
ROSE MEREDITH.
ANNA RYAN.
MINNIE SHAFFER.
LEAH WALKER.
SUDA WEST.
ELLA FARTHING.

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Fraternity Convention.

Beta Theta Pi,	Cincinnati, Ohio,	August, 1886.
Phi Gamma Delta,	Columbus, Ohio,	October, 1886.
Sigma Chi,	Columbus, Ohio,	September, 1886.
Phi Kappa Psi,	Washington, D. C.,	April, 1888.
Delta Tau Delta,	Louisville, Ky.,	August, 1886.
Kappa Kappa Gamma,	Akron, Ohio,	August, 1886.
Kappa Alpha Theta,	————	February, 1887.
Phi Delta Theta,	Cincinnati, Ohio,	October, 1886.

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Miscellaneous Organizations

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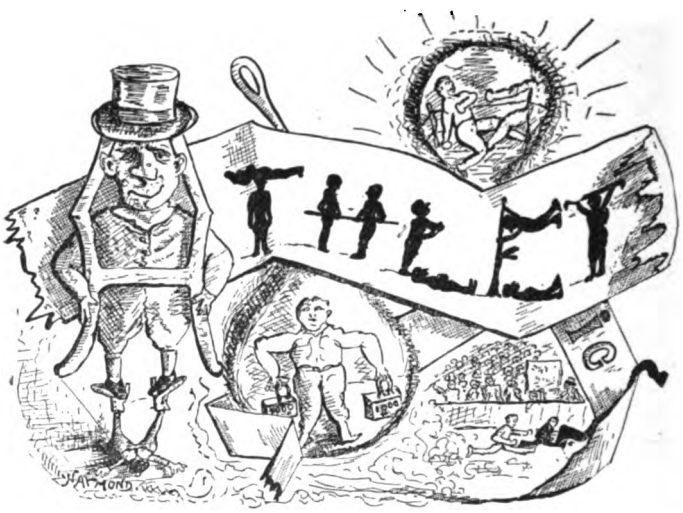

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G. B. BAKER, '87, . . . Vice-President.
J. D. SHIPP, '88, . . . Secretary.
L. B. LESH, '89, ... Treasurer.

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'88.

H. V. NIXON, C. W. VERMILLION, J. F. MAIL.

'89.

B. J. WESCOTT, F. C. WINTRODE.

University Foot-Ball Team.

CAPTAIN.

H. E. VALENTINE, '86.

FORWARDS.

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J. CASSELL, '87, W. HOUGH, '86, D. DORSEY, '89,
M. BACHELDER, '86.

QUARTER BACK.

W. SNYDER, '87.

HALF BACKS.

W. MOONEY, '87, D. SMITH, '89.

BACK.

C. HART, '87.

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Base Ball.

DePAUW NINE.

H. V. Nixon, ...		Captain.
H. Valentine, c.,	D. Smith, 1st b.,	R. Richards, l. f.,
H. Nixon, p.,	T. Hopkins, 2d b.,	D. Dorsey, c. f.,
C. Dixon, s. s.,	T. Kane, 3d b.,	S. Haas, r. f.

CLASS NINES.

'86.

Valentine, c. (Capt.)	Thayer, 1st b.,	Blackstock, l. f.,
Hough, p.,	McCrary, 2d b.,	Cameron, c. f.,
Irvin, s. s.,	Bachelder, 3d b.,	Tucker, r. f.

'87.

Reavill, c.,	Hopkins, 1st b.,	Haas, l. f.,
Dixon, p. (Capt.),	Mooney, 2d b.,	Zeller, c. f.,
Secrest, s. s.,	Carson, 3d b.,	Larsh, r. f.

'88.

Bowser, c.,	King, 1st b.,	Du Bois, l. f.,
Nixon, p. (Capt.),	Bickel, 2d b.,	Mail, c. f.,
Peden, s. s.,	Calvert, 3d b.,	Shipp, r. f.

'89.

Richards, c. (Capt.),	McIntosh, 1st b.,	Benedict, l. f.,
Smith, p.,	Funkhouser, 2d b.,	McNett, c. f.,
Dorsey, s. s.,	Keeler, 3d b.,	Maple, r. f.

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Battalion of University Cadets.

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A. H. WAMPLER.

CAPTAINS.

E. P. THAYER, H. VALENTINE, J. G. CAMPBELL, F. WIMMER.

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J. P. SECREST, G. B. BAKER, S. A. HAAS, A. CUNNINGHAM.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

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Adjutant, ... W. M. NELSON.

Quartermaster, ... M. BACHELDER.

Drum-Major, ... E. HECTOR.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Sergeant-Major, ... W. J. BECKETT.

Quartermaster-Sergeant, . . C. C. DICK.

Color-Sergeant, ... O. H. BERRY.

Chaplain, ... W. P. MOONEY.

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J. H. ROBINSON, A. C. MAPLE, E. R. STEVENS, C. P. BENEDICT.

COLOR CORPORALS.

E. C. SMITH, C. TINCHER, L. DURHAM, C. D. HUNT.

DRUMMERS.

O. E. DRULEY, R. MAPLE, H. BINKLEY, J. A. RICHARDS.

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Artillery.

BATTERY "A."

Chief,	M. F. Moore.
Gunner,	O. A. Keeley.
Caisson Corporal,	H. V. Nixon.

No. 1.—J. H. Robinson,
No. 2.—C. K. McIntosh,
No. 3.—C. D. Hunt,
No. 4.—G. M. Walker,
No. 5.—J. G. Hinchman,
No. 6.—C. F. Jenny,
No. 7.—H. Norton.

SPECIAL COMPANY.

Captain,	A. Cunningham.
First Lieutenant,	H. Bowser.
Second Lieutenant,	C. Benedict.
First Sergeant,	A. Maple.
Second Sergeant,	E. Stevens.

CAMP SERVANTS.

"Chief Cook,"	Wampler.
Assistant Cook,	Thayer.
Coffee Grinder,	Baker.
Water Carrier,	Beckett.
Dish-Washer,	Moore.
Wood-Chopper,	Campbell.
"Bottle-Washer,"	Bachelder.
"Supe,"	Valentine.
Keeper of "Snake Medicine,"	Nelson.

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University · Glee · Club.

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Secretary,	J. D. Shipp, '88.
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Leader,	C. K. McIntosh, '89.
Manager,	W. J. Snyder, '87.
Accompanist,	C. M. Zeller, '87.

FIRST TENOR.

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SECOND TENOR.

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FIRST BASS.

W. J. Lane, '87. W. A. Hough, '86. H. M. Gordon, '87.

SECOND BASS.

T. Jackson, '87. F. C. Wintrode, '89. J. D. Shipp, '88.

College · Quartette.

W. J. Snyder,	First Tenor.
C. McIntosh,	Second Tenor.
W. J. Lane,	First Bass.
T. Jackson,	Second Bass.

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Class-Quartette.

'86.

J. G. Campbell, . . . First Tenor.
E. P. Thayer, ... Second Tenor.
F. P. Blackford, . . . First Bass.
L. S. Ferry, ... Second Bass.

'87.

H. Binkley, ... First Tenor.
C. H. Neff, ... Second Tenor.
W. M. Nelson, . . . First Bass.
A. Cunningham, ... Second Bass.

'88.

H. Bowser, ... First Tenor.
B. F. Calvert, ... Second Tenor.
J. P. Peden, ... First Bass.
C. W. Vermillion, . . . Second Bass.

'89.

L. M. Riley, ... First Tenor.
W. H. Morrow, ... Second Tenor.
C. P. Benedict, . . . First Bass.
W. H. Axtell, ... Second Bass.

Moonlight-Club.

GUITARS.	BANJOS.
Hough,	Coffroth,
Nixon,	Hull,
Wintrode.	Shipp.

Organ Grinder, ... McIntosh.

Plays one tune—"Sweet Violet."

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Musical · Literary · Club.

ORGANIZED MARCH 2, 1885.

OFFICERS.

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Edestina Farrow and Suda West.

CABINET.

Emma S. Howe. Nellie Bridges. Edestina Farrow.

Toy-Symphony-Club.

First Violin, ...	Carl Mintzer.
Second Violin, ...	W. Grooms.
Second Violin, ...	E. Druley.
Pianoforte, ...	Estella Leonard.
Trumpet, ...	Clara Burnside.
Cuckoo, ...	Amy Dubois.
Quail, ...	Eva Meredith.
Nightingale, ...	Florence Tompson.
Drum, ...	Leah Walker.
Triangle, ...	Bertha Deniston.
Rattle, ...	Nellie Gamble.

Beethoven · Trio.

Prof. J. H. Howe, . . .	Pianoforte.
Prof. Emma S. Howe, . .	Soprano.
Prof. Carl Mintzer, . .	Violin.

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY

BY THE

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ISAIAH COOPER, . . Messenger of the Semi-Gods.
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R. MAPLE, ... Burrier of Remains.

W. AXTELL,

SELLER OF BONES AND SKINS FOR DEFRAYING THE EXPENSES OF THE SOCIETY.

Star Gazers

This Club meets once a month at McKim Observatory for practice.

HOPKINS, BACHELDER,
HOUGH, STEGMAIER,
CAMPBELL, SMITH,
SNYDER.

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Lecture Course

1884-85.

Frederick N. Innes,	Grand Concert.
A. P. Burbank,	Elocutionist.
Kate Field,	"The Mormon Monster."
Maj. H. C. Dane,	"Olympia, the Grecian Chatauqua."
Nella Brown,	Select Readings.

The Rock Band Concert Company.

Bishop R. S. Foster,	"The Universe."
Prof. J. B. De Motte,	"The Philosophy of Music."

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Forty-Sixth Annual Commencement.

College of Liberal Arts.

—: JUNE 20 TO 25. :—

SATURDAY, JUNE 20.

8:00—Valedictory Exercises of the Platonean, Philological and Philomathean Literary Societies.

SUNDAY, JUNE 21.

10:30—Baccalaureate Sermon, by President Martin.
3:15—Annual Lecture, by John Alabaster, D. D.
8:30—Address, by Wm. Graham, D. D., before the Historical Society.

MONDAY, JUNE 22.

2:00—DePauw Prize Contest in Oratory, and announcement of the Lorraine Greek Prize.
2:00—Meeting of the Joint Board of Trustees and Visitors.
8:00—June Festival of the School of Music.

TUESDAY, JUNE 23.

9:00—Preliminary Meeting of Society of Alumni.
9:00—Business Meeting of Methodist Historical Society.
10:00—Meeting of Trustees and Visitors, *Continued.*
2:00—C. G. Cloud Prize Contest in Declamation, and announcement of Central Avenue Prize in German.
8:00—University Address, by Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, D. D., LL. D., Minneapolis, Minn.
9:00—Reunion and Banquet of Class of '75.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24.

9:00—Meeting of Trustees and Visitors, *Continued.*
9:00—Business Meeting of Society of Alumni.
10:00—Reading of E. T. Curnick Greek Prize Essay, the A. A. Johnson Prize Essay in Philosophy, and the W. C. T. U. Prize Essay.
2:00—Coffin-Finney Prize Contest in Oratory and Reading of the Cora W. Parr Historical Prize Essay.
8:00—Reunion and Banquet of the Society of the Alumni; Oration, by Prof. Thomas J. Bassett, A. M., '75; Poem, by Miss Margaret W. Noble, A. M., '82.

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Commencement Day

THURSDAY, JUNE 25.

What Shall We Do with Our ex-Presidents? JAMES E. DURHAM, Russellville.
Irish-American Citizens, ... JOHN W. CLARK, Indianapolis.
The True Thread, ... KATE RIGGS, Greencastle.
The Motive Power of Ideas, . . . WILBER F. SHERIDAN, Greencastle.
Our National Menaces, ... OSCAR T. MERKLE, Paris, Ill.
The Preacher's Style, . . . CHARLES H. MCANNEY, Princeton, N. J.
Philanthropy, ... CLARA L. RUDISILL, Greencastle.
Our False Goddess, ... JOSEPH E. STEPHENSON, Pendleton.
Robert Burns, ... ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE, Sullivan, Ill.
Harmony of Science and Religion, . WELLINGTON B. JOHNSON, Greencastle.
The Democratic Spirit of Christianity, . WM. E. MITCHELL, Sidney, Iowa.
Justification, ... FRANK C. PAYNE, Wabash.
Our National Banner, ... MATTIE E. LOUGH, Frankfort.
Victor Hugo, ... JOHN M. GOODWIN, Bowling Green, Ky.
The Secret of Happiness, ... SENNOSKE OGATA, Tokio, Japan.
Master's Oration, ... JAMES W. EMISON, Bruceville.

HONORIS CAUSA.

A. M.

REV. JOHN MORGAN.

D. D.

REV. A. J. MERCHANT.

PRO MERITO.

PH. D.

FELIX MCWHITER, A. M.

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Miss Grace Hoyt,	Vice-President.
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G. W. Hathaway,	Treasurer.

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Miss Maggie Noble, Rev. John Poucher,
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Dr. H. A. Gobin, G. W. Hathaway,
Miss Martha J. Ridpath.

ORATOR.

Professor Thomas J. Bassett, A. M.

POET.

Miss Margaret W. Noble, Ph. B.

ACCORDING TO VOCATION.

Lawyers,	262
Ministers,	152
Teachers,	138
Various Occupations,	122
Physicians,	56
Business,	50
Unknown,	43
Editors,	26
Farmers,	20
Politicians,	5
Total Graduates,	874

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A FEW "BREAKS."

PROF. OF GEOLOGY—"Mr. G–l–l–s–p–y, how high are volcanoes, generally?"

G–L–L–S–P–Y—"Well, some of them are tolerable high, and others are not so high."

PROF. OF PHYSICS—"Mr. B–k–l, how many octaves have we?"

B–K–L—"Why-er-ah-we have as many as we have."

PROF. B–K–R (speaking of 'possums)—"Mr. B–n–d–c–t, what do the darkies down South like to hunt?"

B–N–D–C–T—"Rhinoscerouses."

PROF. OF PSYCHOLOGY—"Mr. Z–r–n–g, what is your idea of the question?"

Z–R–N–G—"It's about the chief one brought out by Mr. Hopkins."

PROF.—"I believe that the chief one brought out by him was that he did not know anything about it."

PROF. B–K–R—"You mean Hindostan, do you not, Mr. L–r–s–h?"

L–R–S–H—"Well, they called it Hindoo when I studied geography."

SOPHOMORE (translating Horace)—"Aut tondet infirmas oves," or "he breaks the rotten eggs."

PROF. OF ASTRONOMY—"Mr. B–l–s, what was the first thing you saw?"

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B–L–S—"The first thing I saw was Hell."

LATIN PROF. (speaking of memory)—"There are some persons who are statistical devils; I am not one of them."

H–A–S (criticising an essay)—"He said something about a man whose name began with 'T.'"

DR. J–N—"It might as well be 'X,' if you don't remember it."

H–A–S—"Oh, yes! wasn't it Ptolemy?"

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AN INCIDENT!

BY "PETE."

SCENE—*Faculty room. Members of Faculty sitting around. Enter student scared to death.*

DR. M——N— Good day, my lad,
Sit down, with thee I now must speak: I hear,
With much regret, that thou, the very best
Of all my boys, hast been and gone and done it;
They say, and well they know of what they speak,
That pool, and billiards, cards, and drink,
Have thee within their octopusian arms
Entwined; that thou art wasting time, and gold,
And energy. Speak now, defend thyself!
If this with honesty thou canst refute,
Nor lie, prevaricate, extend the truth,
For that were meet whereon to wreak our vengeance.

CULPRIT No. 1—Right reverend sirs, you give me great surprise,
My breath is stolen from me, and I shake
And shiver, as the the aspen leaf!

PROF. DE M——E— Fear not, my little lad,
True innocence fears not false accusations!
Now, I will strike you gently:
Have you, at dead of night, e'er wandered forth,
And entered into gilded halls of sin,
And grasped the festive cue, the ivories,
To shoot o'er green-topped tables to their end
And destination at the corners, called,
In common parlance, pockets? I know the terms;
Experience, they say, is a good teacher.

CULPRIT 1— Mercy, Professor! See you not
How my young heart-strings, torn and bleeding are,
To think that for one moment you could hold
And harbor such suspicions? I never have,

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Since I have been in town, a single game
Of pool or billiards played; I do not know
The game, and, if I should attempt to play,
My opponent must needs allow me balls,
Or points—e'en then the balls must spotted be
To pay for "scratches," nor would points help me,
For he, forsooth, would run the "thirty-four"
Ere I had had a shot. Repeat I, I
The game know not.

PROF. B–K–R— 'Tis hard, but let
Me ask you now if alcoholic, malt,
Or vinous drink has ever run the course
Of your œsophagus; or if, perchance,
The winsome "cocktail," or, of all mixed drinks,
The mixedest—the steaming "Tom and Jerry,"
Has e'er, in your scholastic period,
Purloined from you your senses, and so left
You staggering, tottering, in truth, too full
To walk a crack.

CULPRIT— Ye gods,
That perch aloft on high Olympus, hear
How I, most virtuous, pure, examined am!
How I, the meekest youth that e'er drew breath,
Whom "Sixty-six" would conquer at one blow,
Insulted am! Physician, know you that
Of liquors strong I nothing know; of ale,
And gin, and whisky-straight the knowledge that
I have is not so much as that a hog
Of Sunday knows.

PROF. L–G–D–N—
Thus far, all questions you have answered well,
And, peradventure, what you say be true,
A disguised angel here among us is—
Sans, customary wings. My lad, endure
A little longer our research, and then
You may depart as free as air. But first,
I hear there is a game, called "poker," which
Doth filch the money from the hands of youths
Who, unsuspecting, monkey with that thing
Known as the "devil's picture-book;" do you,
Most guileless youth, when at your books should be,

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With "king," and "queen," and "knave," and "ace," and "deuce,"
Your time and money spend? Reply, beware!
'Sdeath!

CULPRIT— Oh, woe of woes! What have I done
That this should come on me all in a bunch!
How could a boy, with virtue such as mine,
Combine, in one short lifetime, such great sins?
I faint! I perish! write the folks at home
That I died innocent—that I did fight
Most nobly to the end the gossips' tales;
But, ere I go, I will of this, the last
Of all the charges, speak, and, once for all:
The nomenclature, "jack-pots," "straights," and "fulls,"
And "flushes," "threes," and "deuces," "bluffs," and such,
To me is, as the Sanskrits, a strange language.
If, on a "lay-out," I should chance to hit,
I know that I some foolish bets would make;
Would fail to "ante," and to "sweeten," and,
In fact, I would an awful sucker be.
No, thanks; I would not trifle with the paste-boards.
Strange thing, since I began this talk,
My sickness has deserted me; I'll live—
I'll seek my dear old birthplace—ah, 'tis there
Where virtue gets its just reward.

DR. M——N—'Tis well? Henceforth, in thee, our trust's complete!
Rest here awhile, and let thy truant breath
Return to thee. Your room-mate waiting near
We'll summon, and receive his vindication;
But why art shivering so?

[*Assistant Professor in Mathematics goes to the door and brings in* CULPRIT No. 2. *Charges are laid before him as to* No. 1.

CULPRIT No. 2—Well met, kind gentlemen! but think you not
The weather is quite chilly? howbeit, this,
An ancient law proves true; I'm *left*, and might
As well unburden, and, although the truth
Be not found in my make-up, I this once
Will speak it.
My room-mate, there, and I, at divers times,
When Luna fair has sunk beneath the clouds,

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To find a kind of pleasure different
From what is mentioned in the catalogue
(Such as church socials, lyceums, cadet
Receptions), do trot out. We roll the balls,
And, sometimes, play a quiet game of "draw,"
Or wet our "whistles" with some rare old "Bourb."
But why this consternation? It does seem,
To carry out my destiny, again
A break I've made; has Roomy there not told
You any secrets? Oh, 'tis just my luck!
"'Twas ever thus, in childhood's happy hour!"
I ne'er did run away from home to swim,
But what my shirt, donned wrong-side out, the tale
Did tell; in all my wickedness and guile
I'm like a woman—can not hold my tongue;
But where's the need of this, since you have seen
It well exemplified? O fare you well!
We now must part! the fatal die is cast!
I will not hesitate, nor loiter, nor
Will I, upon the order of my going stand,
But go, and go at once; for now some strange
Foreboding tells me I am here *de trap*,
And I will hie me to some classic pond,
And, when I've tapped this empty skull of mine,
And thus relieved the pressure from without,
I will myself into its waters cast,
And find a wet and watery grave!

DR. M——N— Alas, my lads,
In human kind I'll never more believe!
When culprit number one stood up and plead
His cause, with voice and mien so meek and sad,
I thought him then a little daisy;
But since the other told his story,
And knocked the scales from off our eyes,
I'm gone from number one entirely*
The pious little duffer lies!
And, though the weather looks quite hazy,
My little lads, pack up your satchel,
And leave these halls forever more;
Or else the sequence that you catch'll
Be your death, so, *au revoir!*

*The spasmodic longing with which the poet's soul here searcheth for a rhyme, should elicit the sympathy of the entire nation.

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PERSONAL

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us!"

"86"

G–R–F–T–H—

"Yon, Cassius, hath a lean and hungry look."

T–C–K–R—

"Without love, I'd die."

K–R–K–P–T–K—

"Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

C–M–R–N—

"If you want to see me fight, just step on my tail."

V–L–N–T–N—

"His meat is love; his nectar, ladies' kisses."

S–T–M–R—

"Like a cow's tail, always behind."

B–C–H–L–D–R—

"The good are better made by ill,
As odors crushed are sweeter still."

T–H–Y–R—

"He is blest in love alone,
Who loves for years, and loves but one."

H–W–K—

"Mine honor is my life, both grow in one;
Take honor from me, and my life is done."

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H–G–H—

"The more anyone speaks of himself, the less he likes to hear another talked of."

W–M–P–L–R—

"By Jupiter! an angel; or, if not, an earthly paragon."

S–T–R–L–N–G—

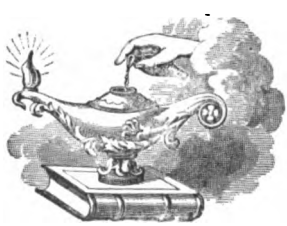
"Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet."

W–M–M–R—

"At each step I feel my advanced head,
Knock out a star in heaven."

S–T–L–E—

"Papa."



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"87"

D–N–B–R—

"Pa! gimme a cent, I want to be tough."

C–N–G–H–M—

"Such strains ne'er came from linnet's throat, but from a braying—robin."

B–N–D–T—

"Aint she the strangest girl you ever saw?"

W–H–L–R—

"I'm not in the roll of common men."

N–F–F—

"Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you."

Z–R–N–G—

"Greater men than I may have lived, but I don't believe it."

H–R–T—

"Tall and slim, glum and grim,
Thin as a match, just look at him."

Z–L–R—

"Faint heart ne'er won fair lady."

B–K–R—

"An innocent lad, not wise but fair."

N–L–S–N—

"The youth of friendship is better than its old age."

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S–C–R–S–T—

"Poor, unsophisticated youth, there's much for you to learn."

M–R–E—

"You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home."

D–V–L–L—

"Remote from man, with God he passed the days;
Prayer all his business, and his pleasure praise."

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"88"

M–L—

"He's fat, and scant of breath."

C. H–G–H—

"The heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling."

S–P–N–R—

"Altogether too good for such a wicked world."

L–N–R–D—

"Disguise our bondage as we will,
'Tis woman, woman rules him still."

H–R–P–R—

"There are souls, which fall from heaven like flowers."

B–C–K–D—

"Oh, wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful, wonderful! And yet again wonderful!"

B–W–S–R—

"Deep on his front engraven, deliberation sat."

C–L–V–T—

"Continue your resolve to suck the sweets of sweet philosophy."

C–L–N–E—

"His style shows the man."

J–H–N–S–N—

"Words! words! words!"

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M–R–P–Y—

"He'll never set the river on fire."

S–M–S–N—

"Most patient in loss; the coldest man that ever turned up an ace."

V–M–L–N—

"A pretty fellow is but half a man."

L–N–T–Z—

"That man of lonliness and mystery,
Scarce seen to smile, and seldom heard to sigh."

C–R–F–D—

"Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves."

S–H–P–P—

"In the world I fill up a place, that may be better supplied when I have made it empty."

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"89"

J. W–L–S–N—

"But who is this? What thing of sea or land?"

K–L–Y—

"In simplicity and freshness, he is a perfect child."

R–B–N–S–N—

"Tell me, is it possible that love should of a sudden
take such a hold?"

R–L–Y—

"For lovers' eyes more sharply sighted be than other
men's."

H–S–T–E–R—

"Is he not brighter than a Summer's morn,
When all the heaven is streaked with dappled fires?"

A. M–P–L–E—

"Papa's delight, mamma's toy."

D–R–L–Y—

"Dude, dude, butterfly dude;
What shall we do with our butterfly dude?"

D–C–K—

"Here's a pretty how-de do."

DORSEY! DORSEY! DORSEY!
Three times. Sing!

H–S–L–E—

"Why, everybody says I'm such an insignificant man!"

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P–C–H–N—

"Once in a fatal moment's idle sport
The gods created thee and gave thee life."

M–C–T–S–H—

"The best speculation,
Is to buy him up at the price he is worth
And sell him at that he puts on himself."

W–S–C–T—

"The man whose arm gets out of place whenever he crosses a creek."

L–S–H—

"Thou dost amaze me, in my simpleness
Me thought that college was a place to work."

W–L–K–R–S–N—

"Better be damned than mentioned not at all."

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A Very Few Gems of Song

BY THE BEST AUTHORS.

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY YOUNG MR. GILBERT, WITH A NEW AND ORIGINAL OPERA BY THE SAME FELLOW.

THE SMELLS.

(*Picked up in the Faculty Room.*)

See the Freshies in the basement where it smells—,
Where it smells—
What a world of imprecation this effluvium foretells,
How they swear, swear, swear,
Through the lab,
With felicity so rare
That the air
Is well nigh contaminated with their gab!
While they try
With reagents and the eye
To find out the inner essence of an x —
Of an x, x, x, little x —
With a test-tube and reagents, and the way in which it smells,
Smells, smells, smells, smells—
By the way it acts and smells.

And the analytic Junior, how he smells—
How he smells!
Smells of sulphuretted hydrogen, a fragrance which compels
All the carion of the air
To check up and wonder where
May be found the sweet empyreumatic stew;
For every breeze that blows
From their gloomy dungeon shows
What they do;
They are toiling, toiling, toiling
In their lair;
And they gloat upon the boiling
Of their diabolic potions,
And they stir mephistic lotions,
Like the alchemist of old,

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Searching for the secret gold
Every-where;
And their King it is who tells
Them the meaning of the smells—
All the smells,
And the spells,
And the charms incantatory
Of that magic lab'ratory,
Where is found amylic-alcohol
And gall
And valerianic acid;
And from which so few have passed.
O, these students chemical,
And the smells!
O, the foul and frowsy fragrance of the smells—
Of the smells, smells, smells, smells—
O, the foul and frowsy fragrance of the diabolic smells!

NANGY.

By Goldsmith Ruskin McCrary.

In blue gingham apron she stood in the kitchen
And played on the plate of that Locust street club,
And did it so neatly, while I, indiscreetly,
Stood watching the maidchen that shuffled the grub.

Her sleeves were tucked under, her skirt—well, no wonder
I fasted so often down there at the club;
You see, I was able to gaze o'er the table
At Nancy, the maidchen that shuffled the grub.

Her eyes were like nickles, her waist—ah, it tickles
Me yet when I think what a wondrous hubbub
She raised in my ruesome, my innocent bosom—
Sweet Nancy, the maidchen that shuffled the grub.

One evening I got her a bucket of water,
She asked me to rest on a turned-over tub;
I tried to resist her, but finally kissed her—
That siren sly maidchen that shuffled the grub.

O, Nancy, sweet Nancy, I see you in fancy
Thro' the half open door of that Locust street club;
But in vain is my sighing, in vain is my spying,
Thou wast fired, O, thou maidchen that shuffled the grub.

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EXCELSIOR.

A SONG OF MYSELF.

By Hosford W. Longfellow

The shades of night were falling down,
When through the streets of G. C. town,
There walked a maiden crisp and young,
And to her *humerus** there clung
H. Valentine.

Her brow was sad; her little nose
Beneath her banged hair ruddy glows,
And, like the rip of muslin, fell
The accents of that childish swell,
"H. Valentine."

"Beware the deadly beechen sprout,
Your papa's sure to find you out!"
This was her room-mate's parting word—
Far up that lonely street was heard
"H. Valentine."

At break of day, as o'er the town
Aurora flung her arrows down,
That couple had not parted yet,
And in the ladies' hall then set†
H. Valentine.

"O stay," the maiden said, "and cling
Forever to my apron string!"
"I can not do it," then he said,
"I must go home and go to bed."
H. Valentine.

Said maiden, when her father came,
Was badly chastised for the same;
But, standing on the brink of death,
She gurgled, with her parting breath,
"H. Valentine."

---

*The writer desires to express his appreciation of the kindness of Dr. Eisenbeis, F. R. C. S. (famous roaming cat-snatcher), in assisting him to select a term suitable for conveying this very delicate sentiment, and also for accurately expressing the relative position of the parties.

†Poetic license.

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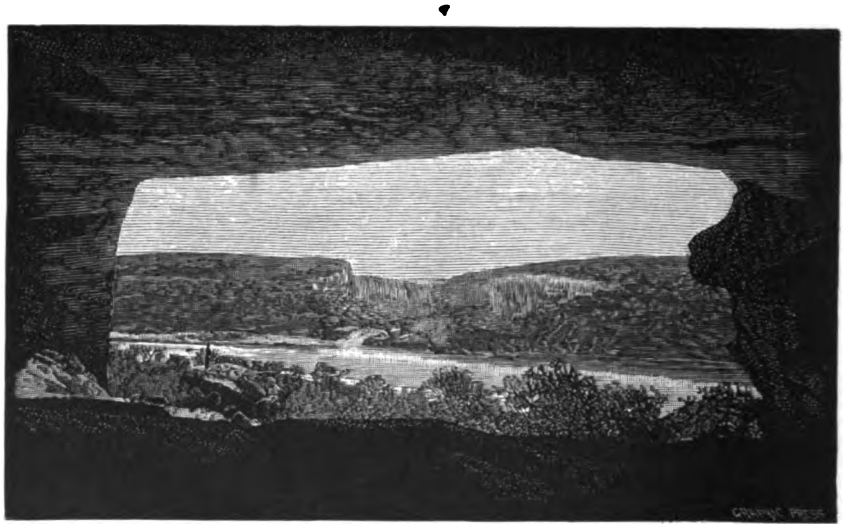

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PRINCESS: EGLANTINE

— OR —

The Hall of Maids.

AN ENTIRELY NEW AND ORIGINAL OPERA, IN TWO ACTS,

BY YOUNG MR. GILBERT.

PERFORMED FOR THE FIRST TIME, AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MUTZ, BY THE FRESHMEN CLASS, UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF PROF. C-R-H-RT, AND WITH THE FOLLOWING POWERFUL CAST OF CHARACTERS:

PRINCESS EGLANTINE, . . . MISS L–D– D–S.
CHIP, ... MISS B–R–H– D–N–ST–N.
THE REV. SWEENY, PROF., . . . W. W. M–RT–N.
MISS ROSELEAF NIGHTINGALE, . . . MISS E— H–WE.
CALLY BREAK, ... MISS J–S–E H–M–LT–N.
SMANTHA SMILES, ... MISS S–D– W–ST.
SOPHIA GOOD, ... MISS M–RY W—D.
KATE CONFIDENTIAL, . . . MISS H–L–N C–N–G–H–M.

OGLE FROG,	The Ninny Quartet	W–LT–R WH—L–R.
MR. SCREECH,		J—N B–N–D–CT.
THE BLACK FAWN,		FR–NK BL–KF–RD.
SEGUSTUS MAGPIE,		C. H. N–FF.

TOM NARCISSUS, ... H. V–L–NT–N–.

Ole Mr. Bo, the Janitor, Chorus of Music School, etc.

ACT I.

SCENE—*Parlor of the Hall of Maids*, SOPHIA GOOD, CALLY BREAK, SMANTHA SMILES, CHIP, *and the* PRINCESS *discovered lounging about, very carelessly*, KATE CONFIDENTIAL, *in one corner, reading.*

CHIP—Ha! ha! ha! yi! yi! zip! Oh, that's rich! And so he's mashed on Miss Nightingale, is he? The very idea! Cally Break, what do you think of that? Professor Sweeny

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mashed on Miss Nightingale! Oh, I guess I'll die! Ha! ha! ha! [*Runs about the stage, laughing.*

CALLY BREAK—Why, Chip, that's all right. A minister shouldn't be excluded from the pantry jam, should he?

CHIP—Certainly not, if he can reach it. But—

SOPHIA GOOD—Why, girls, your conversation is perfectly outrageous! I, myself, do not see why the Reverend Sweeny should be so taken with a voice; but I remember that it is written, "It is not good for man"—

CHIP—Oh, fie on your "it is written's!"

PRINCESS—Chip, if you don't stop that dancing, I won't get this sketch completed before the next issue of the "De Pauw Monthly."

CHIP—Oh, put up that prosy pencil while I sing to you. I can't dance very well, because my shoes are run down so. I wish I could ride a bicycle!

SOPHIA GOOD—Oh, how shocking! I will perpetrate my departure. [*Exit* S. G.

SONG—"CHIP."

I'm a maid
Of the Hall of Maids,
And I'm known wherever I go—
Se-low! se-low!
I dance and sing,
And I do anything
That a boy or a man
Or a maiden can;
I can walk and talk,
Or twirl the chalk,
Or play on the pi-an-o!
Se-low! se-low!
O I come and go,
And play on the pi-an-o!

Se-low! se-low!
The things I know
Are a wonderful sight—
I've found it so—
Se-low!
But the dry hum-drum
Corriculum,
It hath no charm for me,
Yum, yum!
And whenever I want to go,
You see,
My pa will come,
I have heard him say,

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And take me away—
Whenever I want to do that way—
Se-low! se-low!
And a—here we go.
I'm a maid
Of the Hall of Maids—
Se-low!
And I do as I please
When I can, by Joe!
And I come and go
With the greatest ease,
And you must know,
If you hear what I say,
That I come and go
From the United States P. O.
Sixteen times a day!

PRINCESS—Hush, Chip! some one is coming! Cally Break, put down your feet!

[*Enter* SEGUSTUS MAGPIE, THE BLACK FAWN, OGLE FROG, MR. SCREECH, TOM NARCISSUS, *and* PROFESSOR SWEENY.

MAGPIE— } Ah, there, Princess!
MR. SCREECH— } Hi, there, Princess!
FROG— } Ugh, there, Princess!
FAWN— } G-g-good e-v-v-ening, Pr-p-princess!

PRINCESS—Good evening, gentlemen. Will you be seated?

[*Quartet collects about her chair.*

SWEENY—Beg pardon; but have you seen Miss Nightingale this evening?

Say, have you seen the fair,
If so, please tell me where,
My soul is now exceeding sore,
More so than it has been before;
And if you do,
I'll be obliged to you,
And she will, too,
For I am bent to woo
Her from her black despair,
And so abate
Her old-maid-hood, disconsolate,
And her elate
By asking her to change her state,
And be my wife concomitate.
Oh, if you know, please tell me quick,
My object is philanthropic;

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For you can see,
And will agree,
That if this maid I confiscate,
I make the old maids fewer,
And thus I aid the state,
And her elate
When I do try to woo her
To be my own reduplicate;
For I am great,
And she is great,
And we are both so very great
That all right-minded men
Agree when I reiterate
The cause I wish to consummate.

SONG—"CHIP."

O she's up in the garret loft, ten miles high,
A-screaming at the cobwebs, ki, yi, yi!—
A-screaming at the cobwebs, I'm sure I don't know why—
Up there in the garret-loft, ten miles high!

[*Exit* PROF. SWEENY, *hurriedly.*

O what a funny fellow the Reverend Sweeny is,
Especially that mustache and that little neck of his!
There'll be a happy meeting there, I'm much inclined to say,
If he ever finds the garret where she stows herself away;
That pestilential garret-loft, ten miles high—
An interesting meeting there, ki, yi, yi!

CHORUS.

A meeting there, a meeting there,
A meeting there, yi!
There'll be a happy meeting,
And a consequential greeting,
And a ki, yi, yi!
And the little stars, lingering nigh,
A wondering why.

SCREECH— } Dear Princess, are you idle this evening?
FROG— } Princess, are you idle?
FAWN— } I-d-le?
MAGPIE— } Princess, that is, Eglantine—I—you know—you see—I regret—I—I've got a letter—I've always loved to talk with you—and this eve—look'ee here, Princess,

I've got a little letter, I've got a little letter,
I've got a little letter from my do-de-doodle-do!

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And I've brought it here to you,
And you'd better look it through,
For I estimate your criticism highly,
Very highly.

For a very great many have consecutively said,
That when sentimental counsel is ever wanted,
That the proper thing to do
Is to bring it up to you,
For they value your opinion very highly,
Very highly.

CHORUS—"THE FOUR."

Yes, the proper thing to do
When you get a little blue,
Or you get a little letter
From your do-de-doodle-do,
Is to bring 'em up an get her
To suggest the proper method to pursue—
Its the proper thing to do.

PRINCESS—Certainly, gentlemen, I am only too glad to do anything to make your lives happy. You are doing just right. I only wish that you could come oftener and stay longer. Come early in the morning, and stay all day; and don't forget to spend the evening with me seven or eight times a week. I am paid a large salary for nothing else in the world but to entertain you. You see, there's nothing small about me!

SMILES—Oh, I'm pining away! Why don't they speak to us. Look at them hanging about the Princess' chair! It's just too bad, isn't it, girls?

CHIP—Well, I guess it is! They haven't even glanced this way.

BREAK—And me here waiting to be plucked!

KATE—Sine of twice an angle is equal to the product of the—

CHIP—Oh, rats! Kate, we don't believe in signs. I say, girls, let's put poison in the Princess' cup, and get her out of the way—

Put some poison in her cup,
And we'll make her drink it up

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When she comes down to supper;
To sup, sup, sup!
For we don't care about her,
And we'll get along without her
Very well
For a spell,
When she's gone—
Gone!

SMILES—This talk makes me sad.
BREAK—And I am mad.
CHIP—And I am bad.
KATE—Now, if I had—
CHIP—Had what, Kate?
KATE—If I had the value of ½ (a—b).
CHIP, SMILES, and BREAK—O'! [*Prostrated.*
CHIP [*recovering*]—Where's Narcissus, girls?
SMILES—Over there, at that window, asleep.
CHIP—I'll whistle for him. [*Whistles.*
NARC. [*arousing*]—Methinks I know these vibrations of air. Whence come they?
CHIP—Here, Narcissus, *do* come over here.

[NARCISSUS *shuffles nearer, holding his eyes open with great difficulty.*

NARC.—What's the matter?
CHIP—We want to sing to you. Listen:
[*Sings, looking at him languishingly.*

SONG—"CHIP."

Shall I tell you, tell you true,
Sweetheart, my sweetheart,
That within your eyes so blue,
Narcissus,
can see a soft caress,
And a host of happiness,
And some kisses, too, I guess,
Narcissus?

Shall I tell it all in vain,
Sweetheart, my sweetheart,
If I whisper yet again,
Narcissus,

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That the future glitters gay,
Lighted with Love's brightest ray,
While I hold your hand this way,
Narcissus? [*Takes him by the hand.*]

Shall I tell you—must I speak,
I, sweetheart, my sweetheart?
I am, oh! so ill and weak,
Narcissus. [*Kisses him.*]
Ill of loving you too much,
Weak from lip's o'erpowering touch,
O, who ever dreamed of such,
Narcissus?

[NARCISSUS *faints, and is carried out on a rag by* OLE MR. BO, *the janitor. Clock strikes ten.*

KATE [*rising*]—There, it is ten o'clock, girls, let us retire.

SMILES [*struck by a thought*]—Chip, who told the Preceptress that I went driving with a fat Sophomore?

[*Exit* CHIP, KATE, SMILES, *and* BREAK, *to snatch a few hours of sleep.*

OLE MR. BO [*in a sepulchral tone*]—Ten o'clock! Ten o'clock! Ten o'clock!

[*Turns out the lights.* FROG *and* FAWN *scramble toward the door, but lose themselves in the halls.* SCREECH *retires in good order through the window, and in a few minutes* MAGPIE *after the same manner. Exit the* PRINCESS, *and silence supremus est.*

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—*Street in front of Hall of Maids.* PROFESSOR SWEENY *standing in the snow and gazing wistfully at the top row of windows.*

RECIT.—"SWEENY."

O, life is a burden to me
Since the faculty administrative,
Forbade me the company,
In confab deliberative,
Of this particular maiden,
And have driven me from my Aidenn,
And left me with sorrow laden—
O, life is a burden to me,
You see.

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I'm a reverend D.D.D.,
And I mourn for a Nightingale;
I'm professor of theology,
And I deal you a doleful tale,
How a body of men, quite awful,
Took a notion, it seems, unlawful,
And declared the match to be offall—
And life is a burden to me,
You see.

My heart it breaks up in batches—
Oh, sorrow, sorrow!
This college don't believe in matches,
Especially
Twixt her and me.
They don't believe, they don't believe
That I should grieve
For maidens musical,
Or be enthusiastical
While I'm ecclesiastical—
So life is a burden to me,
You see.

[*Exit* PROF. SWEENY. *Enter the* PRINCESS, OGLE, FROG, MR. SCREECH, MAGPIE, *and the* BLACK FAWN *following at a distance.*

SONG—"PRINCESS."

O, what misery intense,
To be always followed
By these ninnies without sense,
I must have it nulléd!
Just because I'm so nice
Life is made a bore—
Life is made a bore,
Just because I'm nice.

I am very nice,
As you see,
And I get a goodly price
Of salary,
To instruct in ways artistical,
And in things sophistical:
I instruct the maidens fair
How to comb and wear their hair,
How to show their pretty feet,
How to walk and how to eat,
And how often one should go
Riding with each separate beau,
How much liberty to give,
And, in fact, just how to live;

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And the maidens that are tough,
I can handle well enough,
And the modest ones confess
When they get into a mess;
I was never thro' the mill,
But you'll see, I know you will,
How I hold so well the strings,
When I tell you a few things.
"I one time a sister had
And she wasn't at all bad,
But she loved, I do believe,
And whene'er *he* took his leave,
She would come into my room
Flushed and heaving like a loom;
I said nothing, but I guessed
From her blushes all the rest."

So you see I'm very wise
And command a goodly price,
And I'm bored to death likewise,
Just because I'm nice;
Life is made a bore,
Life is made a bore,
Just because I'm nice.

[*Exit* PRINCESS.

SONG—"FROG, SCREECH, FAWN, AND MAGPIE."

Four little ninnies literal,
Full of the consummated gall,
Spend their time at the Ladies' Hall,
Four little ninnies that is all,
Four little nincompoop!

FROG—The Princess there is stuck on me. [*Croak.*
SCREECH—And we are stuck on her you see. [*Sneeze.*
FAWN—And that's the cause of her misery. [*Blush.*
MAGPIE—Four little ninnies bold are we.
ALL [*smiling*]—Four little nincompoop!
THE FOUR—Four little ninnies of good stuff,
Four little ninnies very tough,
Four little ninnies, that's enough—
Four little nincompoop!
FROG—One ninnie talks with a froggish croak.
SCREECH—And one like a paw-paw whistle, broke.
FAWN—Another is always sorry he spoke.
MAGPIE—And the other's a very windy bloke.
ALL [*sadly*]—Four little nincompoop.
THE FOUR—Four little, &c. [*Exit Ninny Quartet.*

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SCENE 2.—*The* PRINCESS' *room in the Hall of Maids.' Night. The* PRINCESS *at her easel.*

PRINCESS.—What a consolation it is that a tender maiden may possess a private room, where she is free from the solicitations of her admirers! They dare not follow me here! I believe that nose is a little crooked [*pauses*]. I heard to-day that a certain Senior, who took his girl to Castle Washout to hear Canon Farrar, came suddenly into the hotel parlor, and caught Professor Sweeny and Miss Nightingale occupying the same seat. I wonder how true it is! I would like to run him through with a "maul stick," and cast his small body into a "crimson lake!" I'm not jealous, but—Oh, dear! I must finish this portrait. I just hate to draw comic faces! I believe I'll call this one "Jacques, the Peanut Boy."

SONG—"PRINCESS."

Sketch, sketch, sketch!
Day in, day out I draw and etch,
With pencil and crayon, and charcoal stick,
I bring out an eyebrow very quick,
Or a nose, till a child could hear it sneeze,
Or a hill, or a stump, or a running creek—
I can do it all with the greatest ease.

Sketch, sketch, sketch!
Day after day, I fling and fetch
The pencil across the whited page,
Drawing the sorrow and sin of age,
Or the dimpled cheek, or the ruddy wen,
The smiling, the solemn, the wrinkled sage—
Indeed, I'm too busy to fool with men.

[*Rap at the door.*

Come in! [*Enter* CHIP *and* BREAK, *in robes de nuit.*

BOTH—Oh, have you heard the news?

PRINCESS—No. What is it?

BOTH—Why, the—the—

PRINCESS—Well, one speak at a time.

CHIP—Why, the Faculty have removed the embargo from Miss Nightingale, and have given Professor Sweeny permission to stay with her all the time if he wishes!

BREAK—And they're going to be married right away.

PRINCESS—But how did you learn it this time of night?

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BREAK—Tell her, Chip!

CHIP—No, you tell her!

BREAK—Now don't mention a word about it, but Chip has got a telephone in her room, which connects with Narcissus', and he told her all about it a few minutes ago.

PRINCESS—Oh, dear, dear! I wonder how Mr. Narcissus heard it so soon.

CHIP—Why, you see, it was this way, Narcissus and a few of the boys were down at the Place de Cawley, when who should come in but Professor Bassett, looking for some of them, I guess! Well, the boys hid behind the screen, and heard the Professor telling Mr. Cawley all about it.

[*Guitars and singing in the distance.*

PRINCESS—Sh! What is that?

CHIP [*going to the window*]—It's the Ninny Quartet, singing under your window.

SONG—"NINNY QUARTET"

We are lonely—oh, so lonely, Eglantine, thou stony-hearted,
"Loveless lonely, lone and loveless," beat our hearts within our breast;
And the cock crows in the backyard, "lone and loveless, loveless lonely,"
And the echoes, "loveless lonely,"
And the wind, "O where is rest."

We are lonely—very lonely, Eglantine, thou horny-hearted,
"Loveless lonely," drag our fingers tho' we're playing very fine;
Pallid, fainting, leans the moonlight on the dormitory railing,
"Why so lonely," sighs the railing,
And the moon writes, "Eglantine."

We are lonely—oh, so lonely, Eglantine, thou empty-hearted,
"Loveless lonely," bark the mongrels o'er the distant snow-clad hill;
Hoarse and husky grow our voices, and we feel inclined to dine,
Lone and hungry, Eglantine,
Throw us something, if you will.

PRINCESS—Oh, what shall I do? I have no cake to throw to the poor creatures!

BREAK—Throw them your stocking! [*She throws.*

VOICE BELOW—A comet, boys!

SECOND VOICE—It's coming this way, too!

THIRD VOICE—Let's skip!

[*Muttered oaths and the hurried tramp of feet.*

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PRINCESS—"They are gone—and gone forever!" I'm sorry I frightened them so; hasn't Mr. Frog a sweet voice?

CHIP—Yes, indeed, but it isn't what it's cracked up to be.

BREAK—Hark! There's Ole Mr. Bo, going his rounds.

SONG—"OLE MR. BO."

Ten o'clock! Ten o'clock! Ten o'clock O!
I blow, I blow,
I blow out the lights at ten o'clock O!
Not a minute late,
Not a minute soon,

I blow out the lights by the light of the moon!
I blow out the lights
At two—and—eight,
And a blow, and a blow,
And a blow, blow, blow!
I blow out the lights at ten o'clock O!

Ten o'clock! Ten o'clock! Ten o'clock O!
I blow, I blow,
I blow out the lights at ten o'clock O!
And the matrons, maids,
And the little Jap,
Must away to the realm of the gown and cap!

I'm the janitor
Of the Hall of Maids,
And a' blow, and a' blow,
And a' blow, blow, blow!
I blow out the lights at ten o'clock O!

PRINCESS—Good-night, girls! Trot away now to your little beds.

[*Exeunt* CHIP *and* BREAK, *and silence supremus est once more.*

SCENE 3.—*Meharry Hall.* PROFESSOR SWEENY *and* ROSELEAF *at the front of the stage, facing each other, with hands clasped and swinging them back and forth. Chorus of "The Music School, and Ninny Quartette in the rear.*

RECIT.—"SWEENY."

O, we are as happy as happy can be,
At the way this affair turned out;
Tho' we spent some time in misery,
We knew what we were about.

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We said very little, but kept quite still,
And let the fates dispense;
And the ceremony
Of matrimony
Was the natural consequence.
And we would advise
You to do likewise,
And show your rare good sense,
By an iron will
And a livery bill,
And the natural consequence.

CHORUS.

That's right you bet,
You could not get
A happier pair in town;
He's a Prof. you see
Of theology,
And he planks the truth right down.

SONG—"ROSE LEAF."

O, my handsome hubby recites to you,
How the thing was consummated,
And all that I had intended to do,
He has beat me and related.
But I wish to remark if you will agree,
What a lot of dire suspense
I had to endure
Before I was sure
Of the natural consequence.
I was offered to day,
If I'd go away,
A much greater number of cents,
But for gold I care not,
Since now I have got
My natural consequence.

CHORUS.

O, she is right,
And she is quite
A daisy in winter weather;
And we think you will find,
That with arms entwined,
They'll "tread the path together."

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Pict-ure
Sen-ior
Lad-der
Teach-er
Beer
Car-ry
Bot-tles
Se-cret
Fun-ny

What is this, what we see?

It is a pict-ure of some boys and a lad-der, and so forth.

What are they do-ing?

They are af-ter the x-am-i-na-tion ques-tions.

Why do they not ask the teach-er for them?

He would not give them away.

Why do the boys wear such fun-ny tall hats?

They think they are Sen-iors, but of course they are not.

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A Sen-ior is too grave to do any-thing like this.

Do you think that they will get the questions?

No, they will not, for the teach-er has them at home.

Who is that queer-look-ing boy with his hat cav-ed in?

That is a se-cret.

What has he in his hands and his pock-ets?

They are bot-tles.

What do they con-tain?

C_2H_5HO and Beer.

Is it good to drink?

That boy by the tree does not think so.

The poor boy looks sick; is he?

Yes, he is very sick.

How will they get him home?

They will car-ry him, or they will get a dray.

Poor Boy.

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A Short Sketch of '87.

This sketch was prepared by special request of the lady friends of '87. To secure accuracy, each man was given a list of questions.

NAME.	BORN.	AGE.	CHARACTERISTIC.	ACCOMPLISHMENTS.	BEST FRIEND.	WHAT I LOVE.	OCCUPATION.
BAKER, G. B.....	Rather young..	Cabb-age.....	Haughty.....	Has none.....	At home.....	Milk.....	Boot-black.
BENEDICT, J. L.....	Just as I am....	Post-age.....	Effeminate.....	Croquette.....	Will be married..	Give it up	Bazar agent.
BINKLEY, H.....	Fresh.....	Port(er)age	Good natured.....	Night walker.....	Want one.....	A girl.....	Advance agent.
CASSELL, J. M.....	*						
CUNNINGHAM, A...	Never.....	Brass-age.....	"I am"	Old Dan Tucker..	Have none.....	What I use to.....	Soap-boiler.
FARR, C. W.....	Early in life....	Drain-age	Policy.....	Easy Professor....	She left college...	Insects and snakes	Bird-stuffer.
GORDON, H. M.....	Yes.....	Wont tell.....	Slow.....	Clog Dancer.....	Never had one....	"Horses"	Tip-staff.
HAAS, S. A.....	Me also.....	Never heard.....	Nothing	Organ-grinder....	Normalite.....	Myself.....	Rope-walker.
KEIPER, G. F.....	Wee-wee.....	Age of growth.....	Blushing.....	Lost it.....	Don't like them..	What I hate.....	Water doctor.
LARSH, A. E.....	*						
MILLIS, F. E.....	*						
NEFF, C. H.....	Guess so.....	Cribb-age.....	Would be confidential..	None.....	M. K. H.....	Told you.....	Mortar Boss.
NELSON, W. M.....	So mother says.	28 or 82. Don't know..	None	"A lady's man"..	Dead-beats.....	She's not here....	Butcher.
SECREST, J. P.....	Some time ago..	Behind the age.....	Egotism	Cultivating one ..	Dead.....	Anything.....	Mule driver.
SMILEY, T. E.....	Don't know.....	Short-age.....	Beauty.....	Same here.....	A young lady.....	My best friend....	Hod-carrier.
VAUGHT, O.....	*						
WORRALL, J. H....	Probably	Marri-age-able.....	Solemnity	Jack of all trades.	Stimulants	Anybody.....	Sexton.
ZELLER, C. M.....	Believe I was...	Steer-age	Lost it.....	For sale cheap....	Can't find one....	What a Soph. does	Peanut-vender.

* Information will be given by any one of the Editors. A moonlight night and hammock will be perfectly convenient.

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Answers to Correspondents.

[INSTRUCTIONS TO SEEKERS AFTER KNOWLEDGE.—Write plainly on one side o the paper. Do not ask any foolish questions. We will not give business addresses; we are paid for advertising.

Owing to the crowded condition of our columns, we had to defer several answers until our next issue.

P-R-S-L-Y—1. Thanks. 2. We sympathize with you. We have been there ourselves, but you should not call more than seven nights in a week. Her folks might object.

J. G. C-M-P-L-L—Your poem on "Love" has been refused. Twenty-five dollars is too much. We will give you just ten cents. Take it?

C-S-S-L—1. America was discovered in 1492. 2. No, Columbus was not an Irishman. 3. We would recommend "Ridpath's United States."

P-D-N—1. According to J. B. D. Mott, F. R. S., H. X. Y., O. K., light makes 3,100,000,000,000,000,000 vibrations per second, if you give it enough time. 2. Yes, he has received an autograph letter from Tyndall. 3. We do not think his lecture has been printed. 4. It is said that he calls his cows by electricity.

H-A-A-S—1. No, we can not put out the MIRAGE with gilt edges and Morocco binding for twenty-five cents. 2. Yes, printers charge for their work. 3. If it be not better than the "Mirror, we will never get out another.

A-D-M-S—1. We know of no good hair renewer. 2. No, better not use cosmetics. Spoil your complexion. 3. Your writing is good, but your spelling miserable. Buy a "Webster."

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CALENDAR

47TH COLLEGE YEAR.

1885.

SEPTEMBER 14th and 15th—Examination of Candidates for Class Standing.
SEPTEMBER 16th—First Term begins.
SEPTEMBER 30th—Opening of the School of Law.
NOVEMBER 26th—Thanksgiving Day.
DECEMBER 19th, 21st, 22d—Term Examinations.
DECEMBER 21st and 22d—Literary Exercises of the Junior Class.
DECEMBER 23d—First Term ends.

1886.

JANUARY 6th—Second Term begins.
JANUARY 17th—Founders' and Benefactors' Day.
FEBRUARY 22d—Exercises in Honor of Washington's Birthday.
FEBRUARY 22d—Kinnear-Monnett Prize Contest.
MARCH 20th, 22d and 23d—Term Examinations.
MARCH 22d and 23d—Literary Exercises of the Sophomore Class.
MARCH 24th—Second Term ends.
MARCH 31st—Third Term begins.
MARCH 31st—Commencement of School of Law.
APRIL 30th—Honor Examinations begin.
MAY 21st—Honor Examinations close.
MAY 20th and 21st—Final Examination of Senior Class.
MAY 20th—Commencement of School of Theology.
MAY 21st—Military Commencement.
JUNE 16th to 19th—General Examination of Classes.
JUNE 20th—Baccalaureate Sermon.
JUNE 21st, 22d and 23d—University, Literary Society, and Prize Exercises of Commencement.
JUNE 22d—Meeting of Joint Board of Trustees and Visitors.
JUNE 23d—Literary Exercises and Reunion of the Society of the Alumni.
JUNE 24th—Commencement Day.

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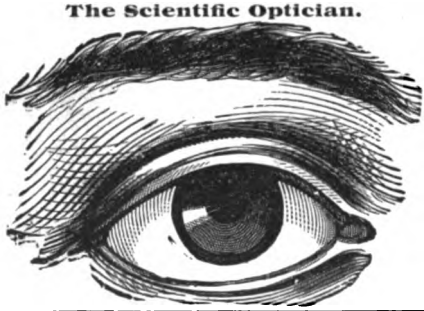

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